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THE MUMMY - the full film told in comics!

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# HORROR

HALLS OF

DR JEKYLL  
& MR HYDE

PHANTOM  
OF THE OPERA

KARLOFF in  
THE SORCERERS



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HoH20 45p  
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## SINBAD AND THE EYE OF THE TIGER

Catapulting the latest greatest film fantasy out of the talented mind and hands of Paul Hubschman, a magazine devoted entirely to Sinbad's last quest and tertiary quest.

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Sinbad and the Eye of the Tiger

**Editor:** Dr. Zillman  
**Art Editor:** Nigel Moore  
**Art Assistant:** Lesley Ward-Coleman  
**Production:** John West  
**Photographic Research:**  
Phil Edwards  
John Fierberg  
Cathi O'Brien  
Joseph Young



**Previous issue:**  
John Goodman  
Terence Crowley  
John Fleming  
Steve Morris  
Cathy O'Brien  
Steve Parkhouse  
Bob Scoville

**Next issue:**  
Brian Lewis (cover)  
David Jackson  
Graeme

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**HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR**, Volume 2, Number 10, July 1976 issue.

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It's funny really. In 1976, after our 17 issue, 3 year run of *Monster Mag* (all sought-after collector's editions), I thought it was about time somebody tried an adult horror film magazine.

After all, most horror movies carry the "adults only" certificates (R in the States, X in Britain), so that's where the main following must lie.

The world's first-ever movie magazine (Scarey Chaps, *Pee Phobbers* of *Daytona, TNA*) had been aimed at adults, featuring *Dead That Walk, Teenage Werewolf* and Robert Bloch, but since then, outside of fan-magazines with small circulations, publishers had aimed at the kiddie-monster market only, with par-titled magazines.

I also believed such an up-market movie magazine could provide a chance for me to realise another ambition of mine — to produce adult comic strips. By "adult" I didn't mean sex comics, but artwork the artists could be proud of, knowing they were aiming at intelligent adults, rather than drawing down for children.

After all "comics", like horror film magazines were first created for adults, when *Ally Sloper's Half Holiday* first went on sale in Britain in 1875. Like horror film mags, they somehow lost their aim along the way.

So, the magazine would be

# Editorial



Editor Dez and results Russell — age 8

intelligently written with comics used to illustrate horror film classics past and present.

Why comics? Because I believe in the old "a picture tells a thousand words" adage. The only real difference between comics and films is that films are moving pictures — invariably taken from

artists' drawn-out storyboards at that.

So, with the talent of some of the world's top gene authors and artists, plus the inimitable expertise of Hammer Films, *HeH* was born.

But (well, it had to be leading up to something) ... it didn't

totally underestimate the youngsters of today! About 50 percent of our mailbag seems to be from readers well under 16 years old, many of whom have (somewhat) seen the R(X)-rated horror movies and almost all of whom prefer our approach to the more jakey juvenile magazines.

What clinched the whole thing was an event that happened recently. By appointment, a reader came up to our offices one day, Russell Campbell, complete with monster make-up and outfit, who had walked over 20 miles on public transport (oblivious frightening everybody in sight) to meet us. Over lunch he told us how he reads every issue of *HeH* strips, features and all, and thoroughly enjoys it. His age? Eight!

So, in future, when we talk about an adult market reading *HeH*, understand that to mean anyone intelligent enough to read a magazine written as an adult level.

Needless to say, with the help of reading *HeH*, young Russell is getting glowing praise in his English language lessons.

It seems *HeH* isn't just entertaining and informative ... but educational, too!

*Dez Skinner*

Dez Skinner (Editor)

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# THE MUMMY

Starring

PETER CUSHING  
CHRISTOPHER LEE  
YVONNE FURNEAUX  
EDIE BYRNE

John Bealings  
Kheops  
Isabel Arnoux  
Mukherjee  
Directed by TERENCE FISHER, Screenplay by JIMMY  
BAINGER, from the screenplay of *The Mummy* (1932)  
by John L. Balderston; Produced by MICHAEL CAR-  
RERAS. Released by Universal (British Rank). 88 minutes.  
Technicolor



DAVID JACKSON

INFO. A  
JUNGLE CLIMBING  
IN THE NORTH SUDAN  
THE END OF A LONG  
SEARCH BY RESEARCHERS  
STEPHEN BYRNE AND  
JOSEPH PREMARE...

ABOUT TWENTY YEARS  
AGO, THE TOMB OF RAMSES!  
IT HAD TO BE...





SHOCKED, PINEAPPLE HURSTLY NOTICES THE EGYPTIAN BURGERS ROLL INTO THE TOMB. UNTO THE HIGH STREETS TO COME OUT AGAIN.



THREE YEARS PAST AS BURGERS COMPLETES HIS FATHER'S WORK DUTIES.

I'M SORRY, BUT I SHALL HAVE TO LEAVE FOR A FEW DAYS. I'VE GOT A LETTER FROM THE DOCTOR... MY FATHER'S DYING TO SEE ME.

THEN YOU THINK HE MIGHT BE DYING?



A LONG TRAIN JOURNEY TAKES BURGERS BACK TO CHESHIRE AND HIS FIANCÉE, JESSIE.

DR. REEDLE THOUGHT HE WAS INCURABLE... HE'S RARELY SAW A HOLE. AND THEN, SUDDENLY...



AND INSIDE...

I WANTED TO TELL YOU, JOHN. THE MUMMY... FROM PINEAPPLE'S TOMB!





THERE ARE TWO DANGEROUS MEN TONIGHT. ONE STEPHEN BROWNING HAS BECOME SO DANGEROUS HIMSELF THAT...



WE'RE KEEPING YOU IN THE PROGGED CALL FOR A WHILE. IF YOU WANT ANYTHING, FIND THE BELL. WE WON'T BE ABLE TO HEAR YOU IF YOU SHOUT.

AND SO STEPHEN BROWNING IS LEFT ALONE TO PONDER... TO WAIT... AND TO FIGHT.



BUT THE WAIT IS NOT LONG.



AND IN THE VILLAGE'S ONE PUB. SORRY, MR BROWNING, TERRIBLE BUSINESS! WHO COULD'VE DONE IT?



AND THE END INEVITABLE.



NEST CITY. AFTER A HURRIED CONVENED COUNCIL'S MEETING...

"KILLED BY PERSON OF PERSON UNKNOWN BUT HE NEVER HAD AN ENEMY IN HIS LIFE."



NET ARDEN BROWNING ARRIVES AT THE HOUSE.

"GOOD DAY, UN. IS THE MASTIFF OF THE HOUSE FIT HOME?"



"WHAT ARE YOU DOING AT THE DOOR? GET AWAY FROM THERE!"





## MEDIA MACABRE

# FILM SCENE news

## Good News

Hollywood producer Irvin Yablans has considerably widened the scope of his activities with a new outfit called Compass International Films. His opening deals include backing a low-budget suspense - horror movie called *Halloween* - from John Carpenter, the writer-director of *Dark Star* and *Assault on Precinct 13*.

Anything Carpenter makes is solid film entertainment of the highest order. Anyways, like Tolksdorf, who helps further Carpenter's cause, wins our praise. He gets so much for his money! Carpenter is a great composer as well, about the only topnotch film-fanaticist who can get along fine without John Williams.

### New De Palma

Another Yablans — Frank — is continuing his partnership with the recession Brian De Palma. After bashing Brian's *Carrie* follow-up, *The Fury* (with Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes and Carrie Snodgress among others), Yablans is now footing the bill for the modest Brian has been toying around with since 1985 — *The Bonfire Man*.

**Subject:** Mendor in a telegraphic society. **Treatment:** Ah, well that's where the hold-up has been. De Palma's *Demolished* requires the designing of a whole new kind of visual language. He finished his first script for the project in 1974 and was still toiling with it re-writing last year, by which time he thought he'd never lick the problems and get it off the ground. He can't wait.

Oh yes, by the way, Brian's Fary (unlike Carrie) has music by the ubiquitous John Williams.

### Director Killed

While scouting Riojero locations for his biggest movie, young American director William Girdler was killed in a helicopter crash—along with two assistants and the pilot. Girdler was 30 and while he had not yet made it beyond the strictly *up-off* exploitation game, he was a total film buff and was displaying growing potential. He's probably

music, projectionist, cameraman and composer. While stationed in Puerto Rico he shot two documentaries and wrote TV scripts for *I Dream of Jeannie* and two *Star Trek* stories (presumably re-written and re-credited as we can find no trace of them).

But of course he set up Studio One Productions in Louisville, making 200 commercials and 14 documentaries. By 1931, he was into exploitation, co-writing and

Tony Curtis, declaring the contrary. It's a lack-luster unprintable Earthquake rip-off with a 400-year-old disease — an Indian medicine man shrank to 3ft by a ray and attacking Susan Strasberg. Curtis, in his all too frequently commanding role (a tarot reader who press-ups middle-aged ladies) brings in a modern medicine man (Michael Ansara) to handle the apocrypha — and one wonders why any of them bothered. Sound effects are better than these songs. *Dolly Burgess* Meredith (who else?) has any fun with his medico role. Paul Montes (ne-Robinson Crusoe or Mac) plays another doctor.

From the first note of the score, you know it's not an important movie. The music is by Lalo Schifrin — not John Williams.

### Didi Award

Impossible to explain, but *John Farrow's Little Girl Who Lived Down the Lane* won the *Best Horror Fable* award at the fifth annual meeting of the Hollywood Academy of Science Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Sometimes we've never really thought of *Little Girl* as a horror film, a good murder story, yes, and a good film, yes... but horror? Anyway John won the *Best Actress* trophy as well. In other departments (as of and *Fantasy*) the awards went where expected, eight to *Star Wars* (one, *Star Blazers* and *Star Story*, were shared with *Close Encounters*).

## Sherlock Returns

Sherlock Holmes, who now has a cinema named after him—is London's Baker Street, where else?—is returning to the screen. Top British playwright John Hopkins is responsible for writing *Sherlock Holmes and Jack the Ripper*, a \$4,000,000 Anglo-Embassy movie to star Anthony Hopkins (from *Andrej Belyj*). Alex Guiness (from *guess what*, *Christopher Plummer* and *Ralph Richardson* (as *gates wiz*) and *John Badged* (as *lark*). Budget:

best known for *Abby* (a black Exorcist), *Shirley* (a Jews about bears) and finally, *The Manitou* (a Red Indian Exorcist).

directing *Asylum of Satan* and *On the Hook*. Next he created Mel-America Pictures and drove in hits like *The Zebra Killer*, *Abby*, *Sheba Baby* and *Project: Kill*. His last three releases were *Grizzly*, *Day of the Animals* and *The Minotaur*. When he died, he was preparing a \$10,000,000 film, *The Outwards*, for his Manitoba producer, Mel Gordy.

Unfortunately, we must say that Gidley's *Manitou* is no great splash for him, despite the star

# MEDIA MACABRE

comes from America and Canada. Perhaps they'll call him *Surlock*.

## Amy Shines

It's all happening for Brian De Palma's discovery, Amy Irving—who also happens to be Steven Spielberg's girlfriend. After a test run in *Carrie*, she's earned star-billing in De Palma's new frightener, *The Fury*. And now she's into the lead of MGM's *Venus* opposite Michael Douglas from *Slap Shot*.

Amy is the daughter of a Universal producer-director Jules Irving and actress Priscilla Pointer. Never heard of them, but we're sure to be hearing a lot about Amy. She's winning more plaudits than Amy Carter. And so she should.

## Earl Rocks

Earl Owensby, the unknown actor-producer from North Carolina we introduced a while back (*Movie Aficionado*, July '86)—playing the lead in his own project *Wellman*—has announced a new project, *Living Legend*. His co-stars will be George Allen, Bins Presley's "dancer", and Ed Parker, who used to be Presley's security chief. From *Upcountry* to Elvis, that's one mighty jump. Is Owensby trying to tell us something?

## French Come

Top French talent Jean Yanne is setting up his first international project, *The Organ Hunters*—another spare-parts surgery movie. Jean, who, I hear you shout? He's the British-born radio-TV-movies comic, setlist actor, writer, producer, director, twice a killer in Claude Chabrol's *distances*... and the most potent windmill-tiller who made front page news all over the world a couple of years back by shooting Persian streets with marching and cheering for his super-density, *The Chameau In Paris*.

His latest batch of titles

include John Foster's first French film, which is perhaps why he's now preparing an English-speaking project in America. His *Organ Hunters* has gangsters trafficking in the latest hot commodity—human organs for the rich and ready, which should give a whole new meaning to most underworld clients. Try it, "Friend or Fox".

Mark my words, Yanne's film sounds like a second coming of MGM's *Cobra*, which in its turn is highly

neatly in 1989 for Chabrol's *One In Sixty* (known variously as *Killer!* and *The Sweet Mart Dial*) and *Le Boucher/The Butcher*.

## French Dogs

And the director who gave Jean Yanne his first film break with *La Vie à l'Inconnu/Upside Down* in 1982, has a nice contemporary horror sheet as well, *The Dogs*

Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circuit Wonder where Allen got the idea from—*Se7en Miles*, *The Greatest Show On Earth*? More likely *Venice*, which has a Ringling ad on page 2 every week.

Edward Arnall is writing the script, giving Stringer Ellyett a rest from having to square Richard Chamberlain into killer or lofty inverse sages. Warner Brothers foot the \$15,000,000 bill to cover "no less than six stars and two superstar names" and Ringling got a writer of free publicity. Fine—but how does Richard Chamberlain fit into a circus format? . . . ?

## Bargain Basement

The TV division of American International Pictures sold \$20,000,000 worth of movies to the three U.S. networks last year, plus distributing TV fodder like *Slashed Jester* and 822 episodes of *The A-Team* world-wide, including countries behind the Iron Curtain. Their latest offer: 18 *AJF* factory-cam-horror movies. They called this batch *Ghoul-a-Rama II* . . . . What's that in Czech?

Meanwhile, AIP—the movies—have a big project en route: Jay Acovano's best-selling book, *The Amityville Horror*—a true account of a Long Island confrontation with the occult.

## Warning 1

Hollywood is being more honest than usual with the sales-line on *Damien—Omen II*. "The hot title," the line runs, "was only a warning." Yeah, not to bother with the sequel!

## Warning 2

It may be wrong to judge movies early before they're made, but we're not expecting much from an Italian offering called *Big Hit In Monte Carlo*. Scenario comes from Luciano Vassalli and Sergio Donati. The first gave us *Orcin, Killer Whale*—which we all threw right back; and his



The first time was only a warning.

A RUMBLE BUNNIES PRODUCTION PRODUCED IN ASSOCIATION WITH CHICAGO FILM WORKS INC. © 1987 RUMBLE BUNNIES INC.  
Produced by RUMBLE BUNNIES. Directed by RUMBLE BUNNIES.  
Screenplay by STEPHEN MCGOWAN. Music by JOHN COOPER.  
Story by RAYMOND BERNARD. Music by JOHN COOPER.  
Cinematography by RUMBLE BUNNIES. Produced by RUMBLE BUNNIES. Directed by RUMBLE BUNNIES.

derivative of *Choice Cuts*, the gory thriller by Belaustegui and Navezac, the French authors of Cocteau's *Les biches/les biches* (1935) and Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958). So isn't it about time someone went back to the original source and filmed *Choice Cuts*—about a gallant killer being put back together again with "appropriated" spare parts and limbs?

Jean Yanne would be great in the lead. He was a memorable

show in *Choice Cuts*, the guilty thriller by Belaustegui and Navezac, the French authors of Cocteau's *Les biches/les biches* (1935) and Hitchcock's *Vertigo* (1958). So isn't it about time someone went back to the original source and filmed *Choice Cuts*—about a gallant killer being put back together again with "appropriated" spare parts and limbs?

Jean Yanne would be great in the lead. He was a memorable

## Big Top Disaster

Irwin Allen is following his *Swedes* checker with yet another disaster thriller—*Circus, Circus, Circus*. Setting, needless to say, is the 188-year-old Ringling

# MEDIA MACABRE

partner supplied that horrendous piece of garbage known as *Holocaust 2000* in Britain, and rather more acceptably as *The Chosen* in the States. Theirs must be the worst team-up since Michael Winner and Jeffrey Konvitz.

Even so, the professor in question (who shall, and should be, nameless) is searching for Hollywood stars. No doubt some fading names need the money . . .

## Canada Spends

"Songwriters" of the recent Terry Richardson mess, Joseph Andrews, are making ready a supernatural special for Canadian producer Garth Drabinsky to launch \$5,000,000 at. The scribes are Alan Scott and Chris Bryant. Their new work — upper-class mayhem with top families beset by supernatural dangers — is untitled, uncast and Drabinsky is ferreting out a British director.

So what's wrong with David Cronenberg . . . ?

## Shaw Quits

Our man from *Jaws* and *The Deep*, Robert Shaw—"I'm more bankable than Paul Newman"—is ready to quit the movie-star business, after *Avalanche Express* with Lee Marvin. Good, we say, but we're showing our prejudices again. His reason is good, anyway: "The scripts are getting worse." Shaw should know. He's a better novelist and playwright than actor. Incidentally, his few well-acted films include *The Luck of Ginger Coffey* in Canada for Crowley Film (no fun at all). His director then was Irvin Kershner — who's handling *Star Wars 2*.

## We Hear . . .

Donald Pissance and Nancy Kwan's crazy *Cat* film, which later became *Devil Cat*, has now been released as *The Barbary*. Well, you know what they say: all cats are gray in the dark.

Dimension Pictures are

### planning *King Tut Lives*

John Saxon and Angel Tompkins take on Mexico's *Killer Bees*, the third (math . . . 7) bee-movie of the year. . .

— The French just love John Boorman's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, well, somebody had to.

— *Tony Crowley*

# BOOK news

### 'HORREUR ET EPOUVANTE'

A new history of the Horror film comes from France in the form of *Horrors et Epouvantes* (Mémo and Fenn) a 1977 PAC editions publication. While not actually a complete though history of the genre, more a 128-page paperback broadsheet of "Les Graines Théâtrales."

There is a condensed history/introduction at the beginning of the book—but the main body of the publication is taken up with surveys of Vampire movies, Frankenstein Monster movies, Zombie movies, Werewolf movies, etc.

Author Pierre Jean-Baptiste Bourcier traces the career history of such classed sub-divisions, and completes each chapter with a bibliography. The coverage and observations are, surprisingly routine—the sub-divisions are covered from beginning to present, and that's it.

Needless to say the whole text is in French—reflecting the work of well-known film historians and critics, outside of France.

Writing and reading not a book that covers the history of a popular genre, such as Horror films seems something of a pointless enterprise these days—considering the wealth of material currently available on the subject. There are several "histories" of the Horror film available in print, and the addition of yet another title that reiteration most of the previous material goes to achieve little more than filling up the bookshelves.

Structure and analysis of a particular structure or theme within the genre may prove worthwhile reading, but when undertaking an ambitious project such as a "complete" history (as this book has done) singular exploration of a sub-genre in any

### is prohibited.

The Preface contains the by-now obligatory endorsement by Terry Gilliam, but, unfortunately, doesn't go to make this book anything more than it already is: 128-page "selection" bibliography. Complete the book, the only difference here being that some of the more recent films are included in the index.

Anyone who is already familiar with the Horror film will not wish to cover old ground again, and those wishing to be introduced to the field already have a vast library of similar material to choose from.

In short, a fairly interesting item with some nice photographs and poster reproduces, but, unfortunately, an item unlikely to be of great interest.

Available from specialist French bookshops. Film bookshops, or directly from the publishers: PAC, 3 rue Saint-Roch, 75001 Paris, France. Price variable, dependent on source of purchase.

### Archives of Evil

PRESENTED BY  
CHRISTOPHER LEE



### ARCHIVES OF EVIL

**H**orror story anthologies, hardback and paperback, are quite a common (and welcome) sight in bookstores these days—the vast number currently available offer a wide choice of reading material, covering almost a century of public literature.

Several of these books have some authority (Victorian tales, Vampire tales, etc.), while the majority are general collections usually published under the general aegis of the publisher or—in this case—under the name of a collector.

*Archives of Evil* (W. H. Allen, £10, 1987) is a general collection of weird and horrific short stories presented by Christopher Lee and Michael Perry. Available as hardback (£12.99) or £3.95, the book contains sixteen tales of horror selected by Christopher Lee especially for this edition.

Well-known and respected in his capacity as an actor, Christopher Lee is also quite fluent with the world of literature—especially the gothic variety. W. H. Allen previously published his Christopher Lee's "A Certificate of Holiness, which (for those who haven't yet grabbed a copy) is still in print and generally available. Michael Perry is certainly no stranger as anthologists of weird tales; he has compiled and edited several excellent volumes of Antarctic literature, two of which (*The Riddle of Borealis* and *The Riddle of Frankenstein*) have been reviewed in past issues of *Half*. Mr. Perry has another *Riddle of . . .* collection due out shortly—the time dealing with the King Kong theme.

However, among the pages of *Archives of Evil*, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Adventure of the Sussex Vampire* is quite a gripping tale for those who haven't already read of the Sherlock Holmes mystery. The story tends to lead you down several paths before hitting you with a final impact. A nice sense of atmosphere is maintained—in the best Holmes tradition.

*The Riddle of Frankenstein* by Henry Slesar is a four-page little story with a pacy style, somewhat similar to that of the "Bloody" pages of the 1980s *House of Wax*—try to say the name of a pack of carnivorous rats. Ray Bradbury's *Strife*, probably the most stomach-churning tale in this collection, also tears through the text of a lecture on writing the pulp fiction of *World Tales*. In this story, Mr. Bradbury becomes rather upset when he discovers that there's a student living inside him—until a friendly stranger offers to help get rid of it . . . but I won't spoil the plot!

A story that fails to impress me regularly is *Never-Whistleback*, by F. Harvey's *The Great Wolf of Fag Fag*. However, this is not such a superb tale of the supernatural that it partly deserves repeated inclusion, most fans will recall the excellent movie version made by Warner Brothers in 1947, and starring Peter Lorre.

Following on the volume, there are stories by John Collier, Jack London, Theodore Sturgeon, Saki, H. H. Wakefield, Maurice Bendavid and M. R. James with his short tale, *The Ash-Tree Menagerie*. James is better known to film fans for the adaptation of his *Centrifuge the Alice*, which became the classic movie *Night of the Demon* in 1957.

*Archives of Evil* is certainly a nice volume of fantastic stories, with quite an eye-catching colour dust jacket, which would not only make good reading but a nice item for the collectors' bookshelf!

Completing our director Michael Reeves series (Witchfinder General/The Conqueror Worm (HoH 12); Castle of the Living Dead (HoH 17); and Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast (HoH 19); John Fleming now looks at the Boris Karloff starring movie . . .

**T**he late Michael Reeves' best-known movie is *Witchfinder General* (1968; US title *The Conqueror Worm*). But the previous year he made a film which took the classic horror theme of mental possession and twisted it by making the audience identify not with the victim but with the people who are possessing him.

The idea of *The Sorcerers* is the ultimate in voyeurism. The voyeur actually experiences what they are spying on. The film (rather oddly) won a *Golden Arrow* award at the 1968 Trieste Science Fiction Festival. Actress Catherine Lacey won a *Silver Arrow* for her performance and Boris Karloff had an award specially created for him.

Karloff plays Professor Monserrat, an elderly doctor of hypnosis who has been drummed out of the medical profession at a quick. For many years he has been experimenting in an attempt to improve his old stage act — hypnotising his audience by the use of psychedelic lights and sounds (the film was made in the flower power era.)

Monserrat is helped by his wife Estelle (Catherine Lacey). His ambition is to prove that, using his own trumpery, he can dominate another person's actions at a distance. But he has been reduced to poverty after newspaper exposure of his ideas. He can only dream of the day when his work can be finished . . . using a human guinea-pig.

Meanwhile, in a rather embarrassing swinging London, young Mike Roscoe is living the trendy life. He owns an antique shop, Nicole, a French girl, is in love with him but finds it difficult to understand his devil-may-care attitude. He is searching for something but he doesn't know what. Mike's friend Alan is a more sympathetic character who, to complicate matters, is in love with Nicole.

After a quarrel one night, Mike storms off from his friends. He meets Professor Monserrat in a Wimpy Bar and the old man offers him an exciting psychedelic experience — unrestraint-of-experiment with no penalties, no consequences. He goes to the professor's house and is 'processed'. In the ordinary mundane surroundings of a suburban living room, Monserrat has installed the special equipment he has built up through the years.

Mike is sent into the next room and the old couple successfully control his mind. But the experiment is a greater success than they'd ever imagined it could be. When Mike is commanded to crush an egg in his hand, both Monserrat and Estelle feel the sensation themselves. They can not only enter their subject's mind at will and at any time. They can not only control him. They can also feel, physically and emotionally, exactly what the subject experiences.

# The Sorcerers



It is, for two old people, the chance to have what Mike was originally tempted by — unrestraint-of physical and emotional excitement without penalties.

It has been claimed that the film is an allegory about going to the cinema — experiencing anything you want with no consequences. That theory is best left to the aecological intellectuals. Also best left to them are the two conflicting triangular relationships (3 young friends + 3 personalities in one mind) and the cleanness of the young man's name, Michael Roscoe, to the director's, Michael Reeves.

Returning to the plot, Mike is sent out of the house with no memory of what has happened. When the old couple realise the extent of their success, the struggle starts.

The professor feels that this great new power should be given to mankind for all to share. Mike could be sent on a world cruise and a group of frail old people could 'have in' to his physical sensations. But Estelle argues that it's too early. She and Monserrat have worked on the project for many years and gained nothing. Surely they deserve something. Let Mike work for them alone in the short term. Just a few more experiments.

Mike goes for a midnight swim and the old couple feel the touch of cold water and the almost forgotten experience of swimming.

But Estelle becomes corrupted. She persuades her husband to make Mike rob a far more; she wants a mint coat. And afterwards the professor is forced to admit he enjoyed the excitement of the robbery.

Mike, who is not aware of being controlled, is forced to speed along a highway on a motorbike so that Estelle can experience the exhilaration of high speed. She discovers that she can control the boy better than her husband. Once she realises this,



the floodgates are opened and her sadistic desires are uncontrollable.

There is a battle of willpower between the selfish professor and his selfish wife. Mosenkoff loses and now Estelle alone controls the boy. She makes him beat up his friend Alan, strangle a girl pop-singer and stalk his ex-girlfriend (Susan George) with a pair of scissors.

Mike is pursued by the police, Alan and Nicolle. He escapes in a car. But the professor summons up his last ounce of willpower and momentarily regains control from his wife. He forces the car to crash. It burns into flames killing Mike and, far away from the blaze, the professor and Estelle are simultaneously burnt to death in their home.

Made for only £52,000, *The Sorcerers* received mixed reviews in Britain, won the Grand Prix at the San Sebastian Science Fiction Film Festival and made vast amounts of money in the USA.

As a result, Michael Reeves was asked to script and direct a movie version of Ronald Bassett's semi-fictional biography *Witch-Doctor General*. A film which the British censor was to say exploited sadistic violence to the full.

By way of summing up our look back over the career of Michael Reeves, we are currently preparing for a feature Hall's biography complete with comments from such stars as Ian Ogilvy (who appeared in all the Reeves films except *Castle of the Living Dead*, co-starring with such horror stalwarts as Vincent Price, Boris Karloff and Barbara Steele).

Mike (Ian Ogilvy)—now better known as tv's *The Saint*) top, facing page, undergoes a mind control experience at the hands of Professor Mosenkoff and Estelle (played by Boris Karloff and Catherine Lacey). Below left, Mosenkoff and Estelle begin to argue over their control of Mike's mind. Below right, when Mike's car crashes and he is burnt to death, Mosenkoff's linked mind causes him to suffer a similar fate.



### The Sorcerers (1967)

Boris Karloff (as Professor Mosenkoff), Catherine Lacey (as Estelle), Ian Ogilvy (as Mike), Elizabeth Taylor (as Nicole), Victor Henry (as Alan), Susan George (as Andree). Directed by Michael Reeves. Produced by Patrick Curtis and Tony Turner. Screenplay by Michael Reeves and Tom Baker (from an idea by John Bushell). Music by Paul Ferris. Total: 86 mins. Cert: X

# HISTORY OF HAMMER

## Part Five. The Phantom of the Opera, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 1960-1963.

By Bob Sheridan

In 1960, Columbia Pictures released *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, Hammer's first serious feature based on Robert Louis Stevenson's classic novel, *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (in the USA, the film was released by American-International Pictures as *House of Fright*). Hammer had already done a light variation on the theme (*The Ugly Duckling*—1959, Holt 28), but it is *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* which stands as the definitive Hammer version of the story.

As in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, Christopher Lee played a major role in *Jekyll*, but not the central one. Instead, the title character was portrayed by Paul Massie, a Canadian-born actor in his late twenties. Once again, Terence Fisher directed, this time from a screenplay by Wolf Markowitz. The major Hammer "tough" in this film concerns the characters of both Jekyll and his alter ego, Hyde. In Stevenson's novel, Jekyll was a dedicated scientist, and Hyde an evil brute. On film, Jekyll was invariably handsome and at least relatively young. Hyde became a monster, often resembling a werewolf. The Hammer version called for Jekyll to be an old, bearded man, while Hyde would appear as a handsome young nobleman. And so Massie was put in the unusual position of playing the "monster" without any disgusting makeup, while he wore heavy makeup in order to play the "normal" Jekyll!

This reversal of the standard appearances of Jekyll and Hyde is the basis for the film's original plot. Beyond the basic premise of Jekyll's experiments concerning the good and evil side of every man, *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* adds little from Stevenson's novel or earlier film versions. Instead, the film offers an eerie plot in which Hyde's evil nature is demonstrated through his degradation of Kitty (Dawn Addams), Jekyll's unfaithful wife. Through his debonair charms, Hyde attracts Kitty away from her lover Paul (Christopher Lee) and eventually drives her to suicide. Jekyll, aware that his wife is carrying on an affair with his best friend, is unable to do anything about it. However, Hyde, the evil side of Jekyll's personality, takes great delight in using it as a punishment for sin. In so doing, the moral avenger shows that he has no sense of morality himself—in fact, he welcomes any opportunity for immorality. In a grotesque parody of divine retribution, the punishment is worse than the crime.

In keeping with Hammer's format of an exciting visual drama, the film offers a great fire, which is not a cleansing of evil, but a triumph of evil. Hyde has set fire to

Jekyll's laboratory so that the world will think that the doctor is dead. His plan seems successful until the film's final moment, when Jekyll's essentially good nature asserts itself, and Hyde transforms back into Jekyll before an official organization which has just granted to Hyde the Jekyll estate. While many moral issues are left unresolved, the film ends optimistically, in that the good in one man triumphs over his own evil.

Christopher Lee has mentioned that his role in *The Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll* is a personal favourite, and the acting on the



From Hammer's *Sword of Sherwood Forest* (1960). Sarah斑斓 (as Maid Marion) and Peter Cushing (as the Sheriff of Nottingham).

whole is of a very high caliber. Director Fisher commented on the film's use of his recurring theme of the attractiveness of evil (here represented by the handsome Hyde), and he mentioned that Massie, in his dual role, "understood it and felt it".

Columbia next released Hammer's *Sword of Sherwood Forest*, starring producer Richard Green as Robin Hood, with Peter Cushing playing the villainous Sheriff of Nottingham. Director Terence Fisher stated that he enjoyed working in Ireland (where the film was shot), but that he never felt very deeply about the

character of Robin Hood. Fisher also mentioned Greene's notion of Robin as an allegorical figure. The film reflects the attitudes of both its director and producer, who had worked together on the *Adventures of Robin Hood* television series during the 1950s.

While certainly not in the category of a "Hammer horror" film, *Sword of Sherwood Forest* is of interest to followers of Hammer's mainstream monster output. This is partially due to the cast, which in addition to Cushing included rising star Oliver Reed in a villainous role. Further,

the film noticeably lacks the jolly spirit of most Robin Hood films, instead concentrating on images of suffering and death, and portraying the conflict between Robin and the Sheriff as a grim struggle between callous tyranny and defiant freedom.

Hammer's association with Columbia Pictures peaked in 1961, every Hammer film issued that year was released by Columbia! The film was *Viva to Castro* (changed to *Passport to China* for USA release), a cold war thriller produced and directed by Michael Carreras from a



Gordon Wellesley screenplay. Starring Richard Basehart and Luis Gastón, the film deals with a scheme to aid a refugee in escaping from Communist China. This was followed by the release of a Hilary-Falcon Production (Falcon was a Hammer subsidiary) entitled *The Full Treatment* (Stop Me Before I Kill in USA). Val Guest produced and directed, and also wrote the screenplay with Ronald Scott Thorne, author of the novel upon which the film was based. The plot concerns a mentally-unhinged man named Alan Colby (Ronald Lewis) whose new marriage to his beloved Denise (Diane Cilento) is hindered by his delusions as well as the intervention of his psychiatrist (Claude Dauphin), who has designs on Colby's bride. The next Hammer film was *A Weekend With LuLu*, a light comedy which featured Shirley Eaton, who would soon gain fame as the "golden girl" in the James Bond movie, *Goldfinger*.

Although not set in the Victorian period most associated with Hammer's horror, Hammer's next film was one of their major horror releases, and it was successful enough to start a trend of its own. *Taste of Fear* (Scream of Fear in USA) featured a Jimmy Sangster script which proved that gothic horror does not automatically require a period setting in order to frighten its audience. Further, the screenplay was original, not based on any previously-

established classic. The film's direction was entrusted to Seth Holt, a relative newcomer with only one feature film (*Nowhere To Go*) to his credit. However, the choice of Holt as director turned out to be a wise one, and, aided by Douglas Slocombe's atmospheric monochrome photography, Holt achieved an extremely effective eerie mood throughout the entire film.

In *Taste of Fear*, Christopher Lee portrayed a French doctor, as he had in *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*. This time, however, he had a much more sympathetic role, one which he brought across with as much conviction as he showed in his more famous villainous characterisations. The star of the film, though, was Sissie Strasberg, who delivered a perfectly-keyed performance as a wheelchair-bound young woman who repeatedly comes across the body of her dead father (André Morell) in the most unexpected places. The film offers shocks and unexpected plot twists aplenty, right up to the ironic finale. Unlike Hammer's colour horror films, *Taste of Fear* was well-received by the critics as well as the public. In his double capacity as the film's producer and writer, Jimmy Sangster proved that there was more to Hammer horror than many people had previously realised. As a result of the picture's success, Hammer soon began to alternate modern-day



Above and below, three scenes from Hammer's *Two Faces of Dr. Jekyll*, featuring Carolyn Jones as the schizophrenic wife. As Jekyll (directly above) he is a mature, middle-aged doctor, as Hyde (below) he is more, handsome, and sophisticated. As psychiatrist Wolf Monkowitz and, 'Evil is attractive to all men. Therefore, it is not logical that the face of evil should be attractive.' For, while handsome, Hyde's character is ruthless, that of a man who exploits his good looks and charm to gratify the evil in himself.



thrillers with their better-known period pieces.

*Tales of Fear* was followed by *Watch It Sailor!*, a domestic comedy adapted by Falkland Cary and Philip King from their own stage play. The film, which concerns seafarer Dennis King's attempts to wed Liz Fraser while on leave despite the interference of Fraser's mother (Margot Robbie), was produced by Maurice Cowan and directed by Wolf Rilla. Hammer's next release was the Technicolor thriller *The Terror of the Tongs*, directed by ex-leading man Anthony Bushell from a Jerry Sangster script. This atmospheric film features Geoffrey Toone as a captain who is searching for the killers of his daughter. As one might suspect from the film's title, members of one of the infamous Chinese Tongs are the culprits. The leader of the Tong, Chang King, is played by Christopher Lee, whose excellence in this film no doubt had some bearing on producer Harry Alan Towne's decision to cast Lee as Sax Rohmer's ornate master-criminal Fu Manchu in a series of films beginning in 1965.

*The Terror of the Tongs* contained no real elements of fantasy or the supernatural. Instead, like *The Stranglers of Bombay*, it horrifies by its depiction of violence and torture. A Hammer thriller of another sort entirely was released in the USA in 1961 by Columbia, although it did not appear in England until 1963. Directed by Quentin Lawrence, *Cash On Demand* was adapted by David T. Chandler and Lewis Grefer from Jacques Galan's TV play "The Gold Inside". In the film, Peter Cushing plays Fordyce, a bank manager forced to give the bank's money to a criminal named Hepburn (André Morell). No violence appears in the film, although Hepburn's threats are sufficiently horrifying. Appearing at the bank, he informs



Above: *Tales of Fear*, a 1961 Hammer thriller, starred Simon Strachan and Christopher Lee. Below: Flushed by fast-rate screen villain Mylon Reed and the late Roger Delgado, Christopher Lee as the sinister Chang-King in *Terror of the Tongs*.

Fordyce that he has kidnapped the banker's wife and attached electrodes to her head. If Fordyce refuses to turn over all of the cash in the bank, his wife will be electrocuted, and thus afflicted with permanent brain damage! In the end, the film turns out to be a modern reworking of Charles

Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*, with Scrooge-like Fordyce learning the meaning of the Christmas spirit by undergoing a terrible ordeal. It is only through his horrible experience that he learns to appreciate the people who work under him, after darning and distributing them to the extent that he had suspected two of his loyal tellers of conspiracy to embezzle bank funds. All in all, *Cash On Demand* was a modest film which succeeded on its own level.

1962 saw the release of only three Hammer films in England, but the first was a major production. In collaboration with Universal Pictures, Hammer offered their version of Gaston Leroux's *The Phantom of the Opera*. This was Universal's third filming of the title. The first, and closest to the novel, is best-remembered as a personal triumph for Lon Chaney, whose acting and self-applied makeup were brilliant (it also seems that Chaney directed the sequences in which he appeared). In 1943, eighteen years after Chaney's silent version, Universal cast Claude Rains in the title role of their Technicolor remake (the original version contained one colour sequence), which unfortunately concentrated more on the opera (and the singing abilities of Susanna Foster and Nelson Eddy) than on the Phantom. While it retained the setting and two most famous sequences from the





Phantom of the Opera; a pre-production sketch  
the poster and an inspiring shot of the musical  
star. To see Lom announced you'll have to wait for  
our upcoming adaptation!





Above, below and right: Scenes from Hammer's 1962 release of Captain Clegg: Night Creatures.



Chaney film (the falling chandelier and the unmasking of the Phantom), the 1963 version was basically an original story, drawing very little from the Leroux novel. The Phantom, originally a criminal madman who escaped from Devil's Island, became a meek musician who wound up hideously scarred by acid after attacking a music publisher who had stolen the musician's concerto.

The Hammer screenplay, written by John Elder (Anthony Hinds, who also produced the film), was essentially a remake of the 1943 film, rather than a new adaptation of the novel. And, under Terence Fisher's direction, the Phantom was revisited as a more sympathetic character than ever before—but only after a fair share of atrocities, in the form of grisly murders, established the opera ghost as a monster to be feared (it develops that these killings were done, not by the Phantom, but by his henchman, a mysterious dwarf played by Ian Wilson). Even the chandelier and unmasking sequences were altered drastically. In earlier versions, the Phantom caused the chandelier to fall, murdering members of the opera house audience. This time, the chandelier drops by accident, and the Phantom leaps to his death in order to save his beloved Christine (Heather Sears) from being crushed as she sings onstage. It is at this moment that we see the Phantom's acid-scarred face, as he rips



away his concealing mask for a better view of the leap he is about to make. There is an unnerving sequence shortly before the chandelier scene, but it is unique in two ways: The Phantom is unmasked, not by Christine (as in the earlier versions), but by the evil Lord D'Arcy (Michael Gough), the man responsible for the Phantom's disfigurement. But the audience does not actually see the Phantom's face—only the back of his head! In this way the audience is prevented from experiencing any identification with D'Arcy, and so the film's real villain must face the horror, which he has caused, all by himself. If the audience had been shown the Phantom's face at the same time as it was revealed to D'Arcy, both the viewer and the villain would have shared a common reaction of repulsion, and there would have been less emphasis on D'Arcy's responsibility.

The *Phantom of the Opera* must ultimately be regarded as a failure, if a noble one. Universal obviously felt that they had struck onto a surefire box-office hit. Hammer had already established the value of handsomely-mounted colour remakes of classic horror myths, and *Phantom* had the advantage of never having been associated with any series of films. The *Phantom* never had a cinematic son, daughter, return, house, revenge, or meeting with Abbott and Costello. Hammer horror was big business—The *Phantom of the Opera* could have added dignity, or at least critical respectability, to Hammer and thus broadened the appeal (and marketability) of Hammer Films. In trying

to please everyone, Hammer instead disappointed many.

Christopher Lee, the obvious choice for the title role, was absent, and the Phantom was instead portrayed—quite ably, as it turned out—by Herbert Lom, fresh from his performance as Captain Nemo in Columbia's *Mysterious Island*. The only colour Hammer horror film before *Phantom*

which did not include either Lee or Peter Cushing in its cast was *The Curse of the Werewolf*, which had been a box-office failure by Hammer standards. More importantly, the horrific content of *The Phantom of the Opera* was slight. In an effort to attain acceptability, Hammer cut down the number of visual shocks, thus eliminating a major attraction for many moviegoers. And, while some critics praised the film's respectability, others attacked its relative blandness in general and its effeminate "monster" in particular.

Co-titled with *Phantom* in many situations was *Captain Clegg* (USA title *Night Creatures*), inspired by the exploits of Russell Thorndyke's *Dr Syn*, the smuggling vicar of Dymchurch Oddly. John Elder's script contained more elements of pure "Hammer horror" than were found in *The Phantom of the Opera*. Despite the absence of the superstars, Captain Clegg offered skeleton-costumed men and horses as well as a huge, menacing radiator as stand-ins for real monsters, along with violence aplenty. Peter Graham Scott directed a particularly effective cast including Oliver Reed, Yvonne Romain, and Michael Ripper. However, the film's strongest point was the performance of Peter Cushing in the title role. Whether as the ruthless pirate captain commanding a gang of smugglers, or in disguise as the meek clergymen Dr. Blas sending to the spiritual needs of his congregation, Cushing was both convincing and fascinating.

*Captain Clegg* was followed by a number of violent swashbucklers, the first—and most violent—being the Columbia release of *The Plague of Blood River*, directed by John Gilling, who scripted with John



A disappointing follow-up to Hammer's excellent *Taste of Fear*, the 1963 released *Maniac*, starring Kirk Douglas (Stiched) and Barbara Steele.



Above, Upon seeing the *Phantom of the Opera* (Herbert Lom); Christine (Audrey Scott) finds... from *dark*.

Hunter from a story by Jerry Sanger. The film deals with a morally corrupt Partisan community presided over by Andrew Kerr. Kerr's son, Kerwin Mathews, is condemned by his own father to a labour camp for loving a girl of whom Kerr disapproved. Escaping the camp, Mathews falls into the hands of a gang of pirates led by Christopher Lee. The pirates force Mathews to lead them to his community, where they seek a legendary treasure. The remainder of the film concerns the community's battle against the pirates, with man-eating piranha fish, infighting between the pirates, and various tortures enlivening the proceedings until Lee ends up impaled against a tree by a sword. The supporting cast included Oliver Reed and Michael Ripper among the pirates and Glenn Corbett as a friend of Mathews.

Hammer's next release, the first of 1963, also starred Kerwin Mathews, who virtually chummed his way through the film's winding plot until the final twist and fiery climax. *Musique* was written and produced by Jerry Sanger, with Michael Carreras holding the directorial reins. Wilkie Cooper, known in fantasy fandom for his cinematography on Ray Harryhausen's finest colour epics, handled the film's black-and-white photography with his customary skill.

When released in America, *Musique* was double-billed with *The Old Dark House*, a Hammer Film not released in England until three years later. When finally released in England, the film was in colour. America had received it in monochrome. In any case, *The Old Dark House* is one of Hammer's more unusual remakes. If far

from the best American producer-director William Castle, who had begun chilling audiences in the 1950s with such films as



Above and facing page: Two scenes from Hammer's *Old Dark House*, featuring Tim Penderel and Fenella Fielding (this page) and Joyce Grenfell (above) to be attacked by two axmen—her left) on the facing page.

*Macabre*, *House on Haunted Hill*, and *The Tingler*, came to England—and Hammer—to do a horror comedy. Castle's previous film, *Zot!*, had been a fantasy comedy starring comedian Tom Poston. Poston was recruited for *The Old Dark House*, which Castle directed and co-produced with Anthony Hinds. The film's title came from James Whale's 1932 film based on J. B. Priestley's novel *Blithe Spirit*, which was also the灵感 source of Robert O'Brien's screenplay for the Castle version.

Despite the re-use of the title, Castle's film has little except some character names in common with the first *Old Dark House*. Whale's film was filled with humour, which observed the eccentric behaviour of its characters with dry wit and a touch of satire. Castle's film stands as a definition of the term "middlebrow humour". "Low-brow humour" would apply to the comedy of a team such as *The Three Stooges*. Despite this, the film demonstrates the usual Hammer production values, and contains at least one effective shock moment involving a pair of knitting needles.

Another unusual collaboration between Hammer and Columbia was *The Damned*, released in England in 1963 and in America (minus ten minutes and under the title *These Are the Damned*) in 1965. The film, based on H. L. Lawrence's novel *The*



# FLASHBACK

Ten years ago, June 1968. Long before such influential smash hits as *The Exorcist*, *Jaws* or *Star Wars* brought about hordes of films starring possessed children, giant creatures or interstellar epics, Hammer Films produced such winners as *The Devil Rides Out*, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* and *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. Stanley Kubrick added the finishing touches in 1963.

So, in our ever-broadening look at the cinematic worlds of fantasy, and as a follow-up series to Denis Gifford's highly acclaimed "Golden Age of Horror" (RAF Volume 1), we proudly present *Flashback*.

Each issue, John Fleming will take us back in time exactly ten years to look at the fantasy films released during that month.

This issue we present...



# REVENGE

It is the 17th century. A princess is being tortured. As the screams, a bronze mask is held up to her face. It is lined with sharp spikes. The points are touching her skin. The mask is hammered into her face with a heavy mallet.

So starts Italian director Mario Bava's long-burdened *Revenge of the Vampire*, which was released in Britain ten years ago, in June 1968. It had been made in 1960 under the title *La Maschera del Demone* (The Mask of the Demon) as a co-production with Jolly Films of Rome.

In 1961, it has been released in the US under the title *Black Sunday* (the one day every century when the Devil can rise and roar the Earth). The distributors, American International Pictures (AIP), were known for their low budget horror movies and had just had a big success with Roger Corman's *The Pit and the Pendulum*. So their poster held nothing back: "Hides deep within us is the touchstone or terror... expose it... and the paralysis of fright will freeze you with HORROR — ONCE EVERY 100 YEARS... THE UNDEAD DEMONS OF HELL TERRORISE THE WORLD IN AN ORGY OF STARK HORROR!"

This makes the film sound as though it is a cross between *The Exorcist* and *The Sentinel*. Which it is not. *Black Sunday* or *Revenge of the Vampire* is a stylish black-and-white horror. The Hollywood Reporter wrote: "This is the way they used to be made, during the great period of motion picture horror films." The trade paper's one hesitation in recommending the film, though, was that "some shots of the dead are considerably too recognisable for the very young, bordering on macabre."

In fact, the American newspaper ads for the film warned: "PLEASE NOTE: The producers of *Black Sunday* recommend that it be seen only by those over 12 years of age" and the US release print opened with a reminder that no-one under 12 should be in the audience. The British Board of Film Censors (BBFC) refused the film a certificate for public screenings, even to adults, for another seven years.

In fact, it could be seen under the strange British censorship system. In Britain, all Local Authorities have the right to pass or ban films although, usually, they let the BBFC exercise these rights for them. The

# VENGE OF THE VAMPIRE

British Horror Film Club urged its members to "insert during your local cinema manager to screen this film. If he is impressed by the members wanting to see this film, he may apply to screen it." If this "grassroots" pressure had worked (which it did not) a Local Authority could have licensed the film to play in its own area, ignoring the unofficial BBFC decision. However, the film was seen in Britain before 1968, at two National Film Theatre screenings for members. (Under British law, private clubs can show unlicensed and uncertified films.)

Black Sunday introduced Barbara Steele to horror movies. She was to become a cult star in a series of Italian shockers, including Michael Reeves' *Revenge of the Blood Beast/The She Beast* (see Holl 19). *Black Sunday* was also Mario Bava's first feature film as director, although he had been a lighting cameraman since 1943 and had directed five documentaries and shorts during 1946-1950. (More details of his career in Holl 2-3.)

Barbara Steele is Princess Asa, tortured then killed with the bronze mask. Her lover Javuto suffers the same fate. At their trial for witchcraft, the chief judge is Asa's brother. Just before she dies, she curses his descendants.

A century later, Dr Kruevjan (known in some versions as Dr Choma) and his assistant Andrej Grieber take a short cut through an eerie wood and find a crumbling, glossey castle with a legend—the legend of a dying witch's curse. They find the witch's sarcophagus in a ruined chapel and, inside, the witch's body with the mask of bronze still nailed to her face. They remove the mask but Kruevjan cuts himself and some drops of his blood fall into the open coffin.

Kruevjan and Andrej leave; the blood revives the witch. Her flesh and skin, long-since gone, slowly re-form to cover her bones. Her dead eyes, long-since rotted, re-appear, glittering, in their sockets, surfacing (as one critic put it) "like poached eggs" to drive away the insects, centipedes and scorpions which have been scuttling around her dead body. One of AIP's posters super-imposed Barbara Steele's head on a brick wall, with the catch-line: "STARE INTO THESE EYES. Discover deep within them an unspeakable secret."

As Kruevjan and Andrej leave, a figure



Above: Katie (Barbara Steele) makes her first eerie appearance to Dr Kruevjan—and the audience—in the haunted woodland, little realising the soon to be tormented by the curse of her black arts practicing ancestor, Princess Asa (also played by Barbara Steele).



Princess Asa, found guilty of being a witch, suffers a torturous death beneath the unspoken mask about to be hammered into her face

appears in a doorway. The black-robed witch, flanked by two huge dogs. Except it isn't the witch at all. It is her great-granddaughter Kasia, one of her cursed descendants. This part is also played by Barbara Steele, a fact which Variety found unimpressive. It commented that she "seems a bit confused as to which of the two characters she is supposed to be at a given moment. She bears a strong resemblance to Jackie Kennedy and manages to be unconvincing in both parts, which may not have been the original intention."

However, The Motion Picture Herald was impressed with the "frightfully gory quality (that) penetrates this garrulous, shadow-haunting story of wretched, bloodthirsty vampires". And New York's Film Daily believed that "American International Pictures, the company that produces and releases shock pictures that do rock business, has come up with a spine-chilling gem".

Now the screaming starts. A small girl sees a grave trembling in the local cemetery. A hand emerges, followed by a head wearing a mask, glistening, bronze mask. Kasia's dead father rises from the grave

and rips the mask off his face. Both the vampire witch and her lover have been re-born after a century of death. Dr Kravajan is bitten by the witch. "Cover me over, kiss me. You will die that your soul knows bliss beyond the reach of mortals." The doctor becomes a vampire.

Kasia's father becomes ill from shock after later seeing the witch and, when Dr Kravajan is called in to treat him, the good doctor drags the old man of his blood. Kravajan disappears, the father dies, a servant is found hung, another body is found in the river and Andrej is confused. He consults the local priest, who diagnoses rampant vampirism in the area. They go to the local cemetery, where they find Kasia's grave empty and a freshly-dug grave occupied... by Dr Kravajan. The priest holds a sharp wooden stake above the doctor's face and drives it through an eyeball, through the skull's socket, into his brain.

Meanwhile, as Kasia is tearfully paying her last respects to her dead father, the corpse rises from its coffin with rolling eyeballs. Kasia faints. Her vampire-father is just about to drink her blood when he is

interrupted by Javato, who takes Kasia off to her re-awed vampire ancestor, the witch Asa intends to take Kasia's place, draining the girl's youth and beauty, leaving Kasia the hideous corpse that Asa once was. But the reckons without Andrej and a band of torch-wielding villagers who look like they came straight from Castle Frankenstein.

One commentator called Black Sunday "the most original vampire film since *Dracula*". The trade press was less ecstatic, though graciously complimentary, when the film was finally released in Britain. Kinematograph Weekly called *Revenge of the Vampire* "ingenious, original, but quite well done". Daily Cinema said the film was "surprisingly acted, but it is the director's skill at holding up suspense which lifts the film out of the rut".

There was no great commercial success in Britain. Partially because it was released by Border, a small distribution company. Perhaps also because *Revenge of the Vampire* played in a double-bill with *Song of Death*, the story of a half-moon, half-gyrlif roaming the Florida swamps a film which one reviewer called "ugoriously bad".

Mario Bava's career has gone slowly downhill over the years since then. He is a second generation film-maker. His father was a sculptor who was asked by Pather, about 60 years ago, to construct a tomb for them. Mario has made his own grave. Starting with *Revenge of the Vampire* and continuing with *Black Sabbath* (1963), *Blood and Black Lace* (1964), *Plague of the Vampire* (1965) and *Danger: Diabolik* (1966), he has built a cult following. But he has flattered away his talents on cheap, throwaway flicks.

He himself admits: "I've shot some incredibly stupid movies. I couldn't refuse them and I didn't have the time to re-write them. One of my big faults is that I try too hard to please the producers and then, to my end, they run against me."

Perhaps for this reason (shame) he has often worked under assumed names: John Foarn, John Hold and John M. Old. His only notable recent work was Lew Grade's TV epic *Moses, The Lawgiver*, on which he was Second Unit Director and special effects supervisor. He paraded the Red Sea, but even that had to be done cut-price.

### Revenge of the Vampire (1960)

Barbara Steele, Karin Dor, John Richardson (Andrej), Andrusi Chiechi (Dr Kravajan), Arturo Di Stefano (Javato)

Directed by Mario Bava. Screenplay by Edoardo De Giacomo, Mario Bava, Maurizio Costanzo and Mario Sciarra. From the novel *The Gift* by Nikolai Gogol. Photographed by Ubaldo Terzano and Mario Rava. Music by Roberto Riccioli. Produced by American International Pictures. US: 1961. Time: 88 mins.

## THE MUMMY

## Part Two













# POST MORTEM

Top Sellers Ltd., Columbus-Warner House, 130-141 Wardour Street, London W1V 4QA, England

Your comic strip in *Mail 18* was very weak. The art was bad (except for the *Werewolf*) and there was too much dialogue, which made it very boring. The three stories did not blend very well at all.

As for suggestions: I'm sure many people have asked for a poster or a compagstrip. Why not print them separately and have a new one advertised every month in the *Mail 18* *comics* section? This would mean that you could cater for the readers that want posters without having to issue the cover price.

J. Loftess,  
Bristol

Although I am not a great fan for writing letters, I had to let you know what I thought about the story by American artists, Neal Adams and Dick Giordano. To be honest, I didn't like it very much.

In reply to your question in the editorial of *Mail 18*, I think you should stick to British talent. Although the artwork by Adams and Giordano was very good, it reminded me of the kind of drawings that appear in the *Mad* comic. I just don't think that it blends into the magazine at all.

Please do not put Frankenstein, Dracula and the *Werewolf* into the same story again. After all, we all know what happened to the *Universal Monsters*, don't we?

David Barnes,  
Plymouth.

Congratulations on your magazine with its interesting blend of comic strip adaptations of Hammer movies and information on the whole genre.

However I must say that I had the move lines straight from comic strips as shown in *Mail 18* is a great mistake. If the magazine is so confined with these tales then I'm sure that it will run out of ideas unless what the comic strip adaptations give. People do not buy *Mail 18* because it is just another horror comic filled with horror comic strips which, irrespective of their quality, have nothing to do with Hammer films or those of any other company for that matter. In short you will lose any customers the comic part of the magazine has had with horror movies.

Finally, may I thank you for the horror mini-posters on the back cover of the magazine. I have all mine framed and I can assure you they make excellent wall decorations.

Marcus Carnall,  
Norfolk.

What has happened to Dennis Gifford's *Scary Age of Horror* and Tim Vachas' *For Scare or Challenge*? These features have been missing from your pages too long.

David Morgan,  
Suffolk.

We absolutely loved *Dennis Gifford's Golden Age of Horror* issues 10, 11, 12, when it reached a natural conclusion. *Red* was continuing to do a cracking comic, we'd be into the 1920s movies by now, and they handily reprinted the "Scary Age" too. Our collecting needs finished for the comic section—until just about covered all aspects of movie monstrosities short of bubblegum cards!

On the subject of *Shane*, unlike the *Dracula/Werewolf/Frankenstein* strip, we intend to keep our stories

standing moist within the limits of Hammer films. As you can see this comic, we've included him in the previously unanswered *Twins of Evil* section. As a reader once wrote, the first volume of *Twins* were not the vampires, but rather the fictional persona of Frankenstein, who is then *Witch/Wizard*. *Shane* would just fit the wedge or create anyone who didn't fit in this case.

anyone who didn't fit. *Shane* we don't want any deviant style. *Hammer Team Up* however, will be *Shane* can be used to link up the various movies that Hammer have produced, establishing exactly where and when they took place, thus strengthening the whole Hammer mythos, and creating any links and's.

Now would be a good time to start planning the *Mail 18* Yearbook which could be filled with articles on the past year's films and actors, directors, writers etc. You could also list what to look forward to in the coming year.

Albert Gordan,  
Gertie Grapnel,  
Scarford

## Mail 18

These are two things which are wrong with *Mail 18*: the *Jan Mckee's* *Terror Tales* are too short and the main comic strip adaptations should not be split up into two parts. Apart from that, keep up the good work.

Magnus Clarke  
Berkham

## Mail 18

I have always enjoyed your magazine and found them of high standard... until now.

I got quite a shock on receiving *Mail 18* as it was so different from the usual. The Peter Cushing interview and *The Mystery of Hammer* features were both very good. The *Commissario* and *Deep Red* reviews were excellent (if rather short) but these were all let down by the appalling *Dracula/Werewolf/Frankenstein* story, which helped make *Mail 18* the worst issue I have yet bought. You asked if you should stick to British talent and I say most definitely yes! I think the magazine works as well because it appears so British.

The *Jan Mckee's* *Terror Tales* was also bad (almost as disgusting as "Food for Thought" in *Mail 8* which I found really sick).

The cover was rather poor. I have felt for some time that Brian Lomas should be dropped from doing the covers (issues 8 and 11 were terrible) but after seeing Bill Phillips' effort, once again *Red* and *Dracula*? Maybe putting the original film posters on the front instead of the back would be a nice change (the *Vampire Circus* poster would have made a brilliant cover). Many of you seem to like them being on children's posters, issue 9 for instance. I bought this thinking it was *Mad* magazine.

I have always felt that being a "Hammer" magazine would limit your content, so I hope that changing the title will give the magazine more scope. But don't drop "Hammer" whatever it gives a certain kickstart.

I think your best work is *Brundibar*, *Conan*, *Moors*, *Delago*, *Obidos*, *Going and*, of course *John Wayne* *Return*'s *Devil*—*Prince of Darkness* and  *Father Strangler* stories were brilliant, but please keep his articles out in the present as the *Gas Men* *Hammer* *BC* adaptations were awful and really ruined the line for me. And please, not so many *Days* tales... the style of work given me a headache.

Please could you publish interviews with the two queens of horror, Barbara Shelley and Ingred Pitt?

Thank you for an excellent publication but don't change the title again! No more unnecessary work from Adams and Giordano.

Paul Argent,  
Harrowgate.

*Hi*! As far as this is the *advertiser*, we accidentally try as *experts* in *Mail 18* in trying to improve the magazine. And it seems our "Hammer to Devastate" strip in issue 18 was one of these experiments that didn't come off. Your panel's reaction was about *McGyver* as the artwork, and very strongly against the concept I accept, *Hi* well, you are some...

# WARLORDS OF THE DEEP

*In answer to countless requests on how a fantasy film is made, last issue we took you behind the scenes on the making of the new John Dark/Kevin Connor film, Warlords of the Deep (originally titled 7 Cities to Atlantis).*

*We looked at how the original idea was put together, the scripting, the storyboards, and how the actors were selected. This month, we move on to the completion of the film, through the actual shooting, the special effects, the dubbing and the music.*

Features by Catherine O'Brien and Tony Crowley

Shooting began on September 5, 1977. With roundels and visual camera-filter sets on the special effects—octopus, a zang monster and the golden statue (the key to the underwater rock bubble) on Pinewood's underwater set—everything at 1/24th scale model size.

Monsters are the very stuff of any fantasy film. They are also a nuisance, taking the most time to shoot—and for work. Ask Dino de Laurentiis . . . Which means on Warlords of the Deep that Roger狄cken's model work had to be finished first, in order to go before the cameras first. Monsters are Roger's business.

And all because of the day he saw Boris Karloff in *Frankenstein*, after slipping by the adults-only box-office as a fresh-faced lad in a trilby hat, deep voice and cigarette in his mouth. "It worked! I got in and that film made a permanent impression on me, moulded my career into what it has become today. From that day on, I wouldn't rest until I created my own movie monsters."

It took time. It always does. But he managed it, gaining a terrible pedigree after working with Clancy Anderson, Stanley Kubrick, Michael Reeves, Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Vincent Price . . . and finally sharing an Oscar nomination with Jim Danforth for their work on Hammer's *When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth*. "We were popped at the point by Disney's Bedknobs and Broomsticks, which was made with an immeasurably greater budget. No matter, that was one of the biggest landmarks of my life. Jim and I hit it off right from the start. I made the models and he did the animation . . ."

At Pinewood, Roger狄cken continued raising the special effects road on Warlords for the next 23 days, busy with his octopus (the real star of this show), the horrendous Zaarga and Magician mutations attacking the lower cities, and mixing it all up with dry ice mist effects and explosions galore.

It was September 12 before any actor showed up on the film—and then Peter Glumot only popped his head in, briefly. A plaster cast of his head was required for

"I'm very high on this movie. It's exceptional within this genre of film-making. The best thing Britain has ever made. No question about that."

Jim Atkinson, Duhling editor.

the crystal helmet which would later show his marine biologist character the future of the world in striking holographic effects. One doubts if Roger, working in tandem with special effects supervisor John Richardson, even realised a human star had been spared. They probably missed Lee Broda, too, when she arrived for make-up and hair-style tests. Too preoccupied with blasting away, defending Van from the ominous, tank-like Zaarga . . . which a few weeks later on location, would kill off Lee Broda's father, the captain of the Marie Celeste.

It is the career of an expert backroom brain like Roger狄cken which can, perhaps, best answer the continual question received from *H&T* readers: How to get into special effects?

For the Portishead-born Roger, it began by being adamant about not following his father's profession. "I was a dreamer," he says. "Always making models and things" . . . While his other schoolmates were into model airplanes and battleships, Roger was down at the public library, busily sketching preordnacys from books and making them in plasterine models at home. "I was only interested in arts and crafts at school, almost treated the other exams as if they didn't exist. I was in a world of my own." He was popular enough at school, though. Every Friday afternoon, during the one free period of the week, Roger entertained his class with his own Punch and Judy show. Soon enough, he graduated from hand to string puppets. Then he saw Karloff and started making Frankenstein models and masks.

At 19, he teamed up with a bunch of



other Pompey lads and formed The Dr. Lugani Horror Show, touring the clubs. "I was Dr. Lugani, the M.C. Master of Ceremonies." What else? . . .

"It was a little comedy shock show, more like a night club act. One of the guys I introduced as Dracula, and he used to get out of his coffin to bow to the audience. I always had the lights turned low and a few friends planted in the audience—so that the 'spooks' would speak to me from all over the club!"

But the official entrance into show business had to wait until after his national service in the Army. That should have been a two-year delay. Not Roger's way. "I wouldn't have minded if there has been a war on, but to interrupt my serious intentions in life with a lot of nonsensical tasks like whitewashing coal just wasn't on. So, I played the idiot and after a few months

they got the message and said the Army would do without my services."

Back at home, Roger Dickens began combining his hobby for model-making with costume ambitions. He bought an old one-camera and started filming his models in a garage. When he heard that his idol, Ray Harryhausen, was coming to Britain to make *Mysterious Island*, Roger wrote to the master and received the first of several important letters in his life. Harryhausen invited him down to Shepperton studios. Their discussions sealed Roger's future. "I knew the only job I wanted was to follow Ray Harryhausen's example and create enjoyable fantasy for films."

He began by tendng the props at the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea, a short job ending when the resident prop-maker was ill. Roger transferred from stage to television at the BBC where someone told him of an advertisement from the *Strangry TV* series in an old paper. Roger sorted through all the BBC dust-bins until he located the paper in question, wrote to Gerry Anderson for an interview—"soak around various bits and pieces I'd made and they said I could start as soon as I liked!"

Curiously enough, at this time, Roger Dickens had visited a charlatan. She told him of two offers coming his way—he should accept the second. The following week, two letters arrived. One from the BBC, wishing to renew his contract, the second from Gerry and Sylvia Anderson's A.P. Firma. *Thunderbirds*, marked the

Dickens debut in films. He worked on the series, until realising he'd accomplished just about everything he could on an of puppet show. He needed a fresh challenge. Right on cue, another letter arrived. From a former *Thunderbird* colleague—the had sold Stanley Kubrick about him.

The next challenge was a classic 2001. "Stanley was still fiddling around with this massive production, dreaming up all sorts of weird and wonderful schemes. He was even thinking of bringing some alien creatures into the film. I took my little reel of film to show him my stuff. He said it was great—and why didn't I join *Jaws*? *Seddon* on making the moon terrain as seen through the spaceships windows . . . while he thought about the alien?"

Roger worked on 2001 for a full year before the next letter hit the mat. From producer Tony Turner, summing up *The Blood Beast Terror*. "He offered me the job of making a giant blood-sucking moth-woman. Naturally, I leapt at it. This was my first chance to put my own original monster on the screen. The star of the film was Peter Cushing—he always makes every film a joy to work on."

For another Turner project, the late Michael Reeves' *Witchfinder General* (US title *The Conqueror Worm*), Dickens hanged a couple of witches with his own special line of ropes, burnt two acres at the studio and "devised a spike which drew blood without actually penetrating the skin". For which, *Actors' Equity* members will, presumably, forever be grateful.

Next came his Hammer work with Jim

*Left: The Merman, a huge creature of the deep rises up, to attack the ship's crew. Below, right: Doug McClure has his hands full when he takes on the Atlantean goliath.*



Danforth on When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth, followed by Christopher Lee's *Scars of Dracula* and his first association with producer John Dark and director Kevin Connor, *The Land That Time Forgot*.

"John told me they didn't want to use animation on that film. Could I come up with some other technique that would look realistic on the screen?" So I decided to give them the very large puppетized creatures I made a sample and took it to John. He said, if I could come up with all the other monsters on the same principle and with the same impact of conviction, things would be happening."

Hence, Dark-Connor-Dickson harrumphs anew on *Warlock*.

Roger's off-handed mention of "very large puppетized creatures" is about all he will reveal about his monstrous secrets. Having been around guarded fols like Harryhausen, Danforth and Kubrick, Roger Dickson knows well the importance of keeping his own trade secrets to himself. Suffice to say that if puppetry works wonders for *The Muppets*, the technique is far better utilized by Dickson with his mammoth Moegians rising from the black wastes around the Antarian causeway.

He also invented the first shock monstrosity of the film: The giant underwater snakefish attacking Doug McClure and Peter Gilmore, inside their diving bell. "The snakefish is a variation of the Loch Ness monster," explains Roger. "But he has large and dangerous snapping jaws, intent on securing the odd pound of flesh from the marine explorer's legs."

And what of Superocio, the scene-stealing, boat-crushing star of *Warlock*—what's that made of? Again, Roger Dickson retains his tricks.

"The octopus," he explains, "is the guardian of the entrance to Atlantis, and responsible for dragging the diving bell and the ship's crew underwater to a submerged beach—one explanation of the Bermuda Triangle. Our special effects wizard, John Richardson, is responsible for the actions of this Superocio, as we called him. I'm solely concerned with the miniature, on which the larger one was based for perspective shots on the front projection screen."

"But naturally, John Richardson and I worked very closely together throughout the film, as he had the job of creating the action effects and the atmosphere of danger around my hand-made monsters—together with his highly skilled team of explosive special effects assistants."

ENTER John Richardson, fresh from recreating the entire battle of Arnhem for



Top: *The Texas Rose*, about to be attacked by a giant octopus. Center: The creature attacks aboard. Bottom: How they did it: With the crew up to their chins in water, filming the 10' model ship.

the mighty anti-war epic, *A Bridge Too Far*. John is, as you'll soon understand, the explosive action man of British movies. Everything from *Star Dogs* to *The Olsen and Supreme*.

Unlike Roger Dicken, John has followed his father's profession. Cliff Richardson is one of the foremost pioneers in special effect techniques, particularly explosives. "I learned to wire-up soft explosives as a child," John recalls, "just as other boys were learning their ABC and their 9s. By the age of 12, I was working alongside Dad during the three months' filming of Otto Preminger's *Exodus*—in Israel and Cyprus—an explosive film in every sense of the word."

But then, the same can be said for all Richardson films—father or son's.

Cliff Richardson obviously sensed his son's inherent interest in making movies go with a bang, but insisted John had a formal education. "He always said that I would go into the film business over his dead body—a strange expression for a man playing with fire! But he had to eat his words. Soon as I left school at 16, I was working with him on Carl Foreman's war film, *The Victors*."

His apprenticeship over, the first time John was used as a fully-fledged special effects technician (under his father's supervision), was for a William Holzman film in Malaya, *The Seventh Dance*. The associate producer was John Dark, the *Warlords* producer.

Richardson, *gare et les*, continued blowing up numerous film sets around the world together—*Lord Jim*, *Apithi*, *The Dirty Dozen*, *The Adventures of Young Winkie*—before and after John graduated to being a top special-effects man in his own right with *Duffy* in 1966. "Two of the most difficult films I did solo were *Star Dogs* and *The Bedita*."

He first joined forces with the Dark-Corner crew for *The People That Time Forgot*—child's play compared with the variety of tricks he pulls in *Warlords*. He takes explosive control of Roger Dicken's mutations and make-fish, plus writer Brian Hayes' invention of gill-men gnawing the gill-people—snatched from ships in the Bermuda triangle to serve the Atlanteans—and the diving-bell, dropping our heroes into the heart of the Atlantic. And right into trouble.

Plus, as if we should—or could—forget him, Superocto, the monster octopus, which wins our vote as the monster of the year. Air-pumped rubber, or whatever it's made of, the octopus looks incredibly lifelike. It's so real, it makes Bruce, the jaws shark look like Lago.

It's John Richardson's job to put that sucker's nightmare through its paces, at model and super-life-size, during two-lethal assaults on the crew of a marine exploration vessel, the 19th Century rigger, *Texas Rose*. The second attack marks the octopus' final glory. It smashes the *Texas Rose* into matchwood, sinking what's left

into Bahama waters.

Except, the Bahamas waters are off the shore of Gino—on location!

Location shooting at Malta began on October 1, 1977, once again with all-important camera tests. Doug McClure, Shane Rimmer and young Ashley Knight (skipper and cabin-boy of the *Texas Rose*) were in the first positive takes. By Monday, October 5, Kevin Connor had the film on the go... shooting aboard the *Texas Rose*, complete with diving bell, smoke effects, McClure, Gilmore, Rimmer and his crew. Before long, everyone else was into the act, on the boat, or on the shore. Les Brode, Robert Brown as her father, Michael Gough as the stately Atlantic Almir, stunt doubles Marc Boyle and Doug Robinson. It's all happening. Seven crewmen, or extras, working for about £14 a day, six

of the camera unit swallowed water from the miniature tank and was sick during filming... the cook cut his fingers in the kitchen... statistic Marc Boyle scratched an arm... and Doug McClure needed treatment for dust in his eye.

Worse still happens on the first day in Gino—Wednesday, October 12. Around lunchtime, when the diving bell has been raised to allow painting underneath, it slipped the block and tackle and crashed down on the deck. A painter was trapped under the bell by his arms, and a girl member of the real crew of the real boat (*The Andromeda* being used as *Texas Rose*) was struck on the head by the falling block. Both accident victims were rushed to hospital, and released after X-rays. A very serious, even fatal accident had been narrowly avoided.



*As the giant octopus attacks, McClure, Gilmore and crew bravely try to defend themselves*

stand-in for the stars at half that rate.

On Wednesday, October 5, the real-life battle with the *Zaugg* at Yara (City 4) began. With the help of script, the storyboard and commissaire this will later be matched with the model works of the advancing mutations, already in the can at Pinewood. The shooting features the air-lifted 9ft by 4ft mammoth *Zaugg* claw—10 tonne! Robert Brown to an early death.

It's only a fake battle, of course. Robert Brown and his fellow gill-people are shooting cannons at monsters which are lying on shelves at Pinewood. But the daily *Progress Report* sheets make it sound like the real thing. One electrician fell off a wall, and grazed an arm and both legs—the property master did much the same... a plasterer got a splinter in his hand... one

But the diving bell was out of commission, damaged beyond immediate repair—it could not be used in the afternoon's shooting on deck. The entire bell was transferred quay-side and replaced by the life-sized version of the golden statue (already picked up by the miniature diving bell at Pinewood) for other deck shots. However, by the time the statue was rigged—safely—on board, the light had gone, the weather had deteriorated and it was impossible to shoot anything. So it goes in film-making.

Director Kevin Connor is not one to waste time, though. He reharnessed scenes for the next day. Time is money...

It took a couple of expensive days to repair the diving-bell, and that was about the sole activity going on. Some warnings

cancelled shooting at sea. Indeed, it had become so rough that the unit's nurse had to be taken off the boat. The nurse was seasick.

By October 14, a replacement base collar for the bell had been collected by construction manager Syd Nightingale from a factory in Malta. Bringing the new collar back to Giso was not that simple—a special permit had to be obtained to "ply by night". Once in Giso, Syd's construction crew worked through the night affixing the new collar in order for the bell to be ready for action the following morning. And it was.

The rest of the location shoot went off without hitch. Apart from a few scratches, Doug McClure was hit in the head by one of Roger Cicken's flying snapper fish. John

the special effects man, with a miniature whirlpool, lit up until Friday, January 13, 1978—an odd choice of final day for the normally very superstitious John Dark. He's obviously been touching a veritable forest of wood.

Conspired, for example, with the welter of headlines and considerable anger surrounding the remaking of *King Kong*—the full-sized Kong that never functioned, the bits and pieces that had to be used instead, the money spent or rather lavished on the filming and the almighty rows which crept into the gossip columns and continued right up until the *Kong Oscar row—Warlords Of The Deep* was wrapped up as neat and as tidy, and as swiftly, as a baby in nappies.

The how of it all is quite simple. Team-

again on our next picture, *The Arabian Adventure*—is having the people who will be working for us involved in writing the script. My production designer, my technical art director, my production supervisor, and various other people in all the various other departments—Roger's, John's, Jim Atkinson's—are actually involved in the development of the script. So, when the time comes that we hit the floor, everybody knows what it is all about."

That way they've all had time aplenty to solve their ambivalent nagging problems before shooting starts. Not during it. Of course, that is the theory with most films. Just doesn't seem to happen on most movies, though.

If the shooting of *Warlords* was now over, the film was far from finished. As January disappeared into April, the final magical touches were added to the new product. The holographic sequences, the amazing opening sequence of writer Brian Hayles' asteroid from Mars crashing into the sea... The score had to be composed. And the entire melding of dialogue, music and necessary sound-effects, had to be similarly wrapped up, all neat and tidy—the final king on any fantasy cake.

In this case, the king had the added touch of surround genius.

ENTER Jim Atkinson, who may even yet beat Superclio to being the real star of the show. His job, or position, is labelled *slabbing editor*. It doesn't sound enough to cover his expertise in sound. He works more like some explorer into the last great unknown territory, which is how he regards the future development of the movie soundtrack.

Okay, talkies have been with us for many years. But few are the plots written to the hilt in head-phones producing sound—(unless it's that relentless disco-thing called *Sesame Street*). Even fewer are the directors renowned for placing as much emphasis on sound—pure sound, effective sound as opposed to simple sound-effects—as in their visual. Hitchcock, certainly. Polanski, definitely; and more recently, John Boorman. To them sound means more than the merely well-regarded dialogue, the accompanying score, and maybe the odd train, boat, plane, bus or screeching brakes or heroine's screams. Sound to them completes the picture; better still, it adds to the picture. Case in point, thinks Jim, is *Star Wars*.

Back on Giso, Doug McClure had told John he'd felt something missing in their last film, *The People That Time Forgot*—“the something extra that had been in *At The Earth's Core*” “Yeah,” nodded John, “we had Jim Atkinson on *Earth's Core*. He gives an extra dimension to our pictures. His track is more sophisticated than our visuals. That's necessary and important. And that will probably put *Warlords* in a different league.”

Jim Atkinson paints with sound. He milks



Above: No sooner have the crew of the Texas River arrived in the underwater world than a platoon of alien orcs emerge menacingly. Facing Page: John Richardson accedes to dress as the model diving bell (top) and looks over the small-scale octopus model with special effects technician Jim Brown (bottom). While, nearby, the seafloor and diver bell as they appear in the finished film.

Richardson burnt a foot with molten metal when welding some of his equipment. And one of the crew was knocked unconscious when the barn-door dislodged an arc-lamp onto his head. Otherwise, everything was fine, and the Unit returned to Pinewood on October 31, to join up with the chief Atlanteans, Cyd Charisse and Darren Massy—trying to harness Peter Gilmore's Alpha-and-1 brain-power with a crystal helmet to serve their own ends.

Doug McClure wrapped up his work with a post-synching session at the studios on December 13, and was back in California's Pebble Beach in good time for Christmas with his wife and eight-year-old daughter, Valerie. Shooting continued, though, right back where it had begun, on

mantrap. From top to bottom.

ENTER producer John Dark. “Kevin Connor and I are boys who have come up through the business. We don't have any illusions. We're not on ego trips. We know that we have to make our product on a low budget and somehow make it work. Most people with low budgets think they should pay low people. Kevin and I think because we're on a low budget, we have to hire the best people we can get to do the job. And we fight to get 'em — any way we can. Sonograms—not very often as Jim Atkinson will tell you!—we might have to pay somebody a little more money than normal. We do so, because we want that person and we know that they can do the job.”

“Second thing we do—we're doing it



of a massive sound... an orange sound "I can create an orange sound for you when that orange sound goes against that orange colour, it'll match I'd used a metronome or vibes. Very rich. Very round. And very warm. That's orange!"

He can provide animal sounds, as well. An elephant is a trombone, a lion would be a 'cello. And the octopus? "To be honest, I started with a symbol instrument—bagpipes. A complete disaster! Bagpipes

he keeps. He's into guitars lately, and records a lot of tubular bells—which came in useful in the Hall of Pleasure sequence in *Warlords*. The score needed innocent laughter among all the Atlantians lounging around on couches, and a ripple of bells taking that sound over. "So I used the two elements—you can't do a rhythmic soundtrack that nobody understands."

Unlike Roger Dicken and his models, John Richardson and his explosions, Jim

was a signals operator in the Army. Out of that, he got into documentary films as a would-be cameraman. "After I dropped a highly expensive camera out of a helicopter, they relegated me to the sound department—the most unenvied section in any film studio!" He selected music for documentaries, the right music for the right smash, and got into jazz on discovering Miles Davis—soon amassing a collection of 1,000 jazz albums. Then came rock—he left films to manage two groups, Zebra and Legover, which led him to the intricacies of electronic equipment and its endless permutations for blinding.

"The more you slow down sound, the more you begin to hear the harmonics of it. This is where sound gets exciting—unrealistic. I have whale sounds slowed down, for example. But I don't use that to be clever. If it doesn't have any emotional impact, I'll throw the idea out. Like I threw the bagpipes out. A nice idea, but it didn't work. But you have to try these things..."

When Jim returned to films, it was on features, not documentaries. He was sound editor on *The Muai Mah*, won his major break with Karel Reisz' *London Doctors* film, then John Boorman got the message about the highly individual Atkinson approach to movie sound. Jim worked on four Boorman vehicles in succession, *Lee*, *The Last Deliverance*, *Zardoz* and *Exorcist II—The Heretic*. If the fifth stopped, the sound did not.

"In my opinion, the application of electronic sound to film, specially on a subject with the fantasy element and imaginative scope of *Warlords*, is one of the most fascinating new areas of filmmaking," declared Jim. "I've been wandering around with newspaper stuck in my shoes, trying to do it—and received no encouragement whatsoever, except for several people John Boorman is one. John Dark and Kevin Connor are the others. They are the only three people I've met in 10 years in this industry who can actually relate to the possibility that the soundtrack doesn't have to be the Cinderella of the film business... that there is almost no limit to the variety of sound effects that can be used to heighten the atmosphere of fantasy adventure."

John Dark is likewise very high on Jim Atkinson. "Let me say that I didn't woo James away from Warner Brothers to Burbank, from *Superman* and all points North—to ignore what he says to me!"

Which explains why a certain ex-member of the Misfired Marin group, a film/TV pop composer and arranger in his own right for some years, is supplying the *Warlords* score—the manuscript to Jim's sounds.

ENTER Mike Vickers, looking a cross between actors Dennis Waterman and Alan Howard, and as hugely fascinated by the possibilities of musical electronics as Jim is. Mike was the second person in

The warlord attacks! Above: live action footage. Below: with creatures added to the final film.



may look like an octopus, but it's a very limited instrument. I used one of those rubber plungers you ram into blocked sink units, but finished up with violins and running an electric guitar up and down a mike-stand. Nothing new... the Ten Years After group did that years ago. Lee used to slide the guitar up and down the mike. And I remembered it... went back eight years."

Jim stores sounds. Anything important,

will not always turn-on by sound. As a lad in a Somerset village and later attending "a grossly-expensive public school", he was turned off music. His mother, an opera singer, had pushed him into learning piano, and his teacher was a Beethoven buff who condemned any other music sheer rubbish. Jim preferred watching gangster movies in the village cinema.

The first sound to intrigue him was the "staccato urgency" of morse code when he

Britain to buy one of Robert Moog's sound-synthesizers. (The first was ex-Beatle George Harrison.) "Any new instrument is an extension," continues Mike. "I became something of a pioneer in the synthesizer field which meant I got an edge of being only into fantasy. Fortunately, I do like fantasy. I read a lot of science fiction." He records it, too; being responsible for Kenny Everett's recent *Capt. Kenna's hat* disc.

After three years with Manfred Mann, Mike went into freelance arranging for people like the Beatles, Scaffold, Tom Jones, Cilla Black, until the arrival of his highly expensive Moog synthesizer steered him more into composition. He started with TV themes and commercials—"for Skippy Nuts in America, I found different sounds for four different kinds of nuts"—and films like Hammer's *Dracula AD 1972*. He was called in as electronic specialist for albums like *Jesus Christ Superstar* and the Beatles' *Abbey Road*. His reputation was growing, further enhanced by sending tapes of his experiments to music companies—which is how Jim Atkinson met him.

They worked together on two John Boorman films, *Deliverance* and *Zardoz*. "I just helped Jim on a couple of sound effects." First time they worked as a full team, dabbing editor and composer, each adding to the other's audio gallery, was for Dark-Connor's *At The Earth's Core*. They make a deadly team, trying anything to smash through the traditional sound-barriers.

For *Wardrobe*, they've even created literal underwater music, to match the subterranean cities. "Yeah," laughs Jim, "we buried the London Symphony Orchestra in the Serpentine for a week!"

"Actually, we put one musician in a water-tank," explains Mike, "and got him to play instruments in the water. We



ABOVE: Gilmour under the influence of the Atlantic's mind-controlling alien, which reveals neither future events, but also wakes up his alpha-level intellect, to leave him a musical task.

recorded them from below, underwater. We tried everything—saxophone, violin, banjo, post horn, French horn. .... The result is a series of strange, whispering sounds—like echoes—blurred over so you're never sure when one sound stops and another begins."

"We didn't, of course, sink the entire saxophone," adds Jim. "Just dangled the bell of it in the water. We used a special microphone underwater and you get a strange wall of bubbles and a musical consonation to it. You wouldn't know it was a sax. I found, though, that you can

actually play violin underwater—unbelievable sound! An ominous rumbling roar with a musical sound attached."

What about the dialogue? Once taken prisoner in the Atlantic, Gilmour and the *Texas Rose* crew are underwater, although no water is seen—they're encased inside the asteroidal cities. To be strictly accurate, shouldn't they sound different?

"Oh, they will," grinned Jim, our lunch with John Dark. "They will. There's a line in the script, 'you'll never escape from this rock bubble,' which describes the whole feeling of water passing over you, of living in a vacuum. To match that mood, I'm using a piece of equipment I got to grips with in America, never heard of it until I got out there—a harmoniser. This can lower or heighten the pitch of a voice, a musical note or any sound. I'll tell you, if it wasn't for the harmoniser a lot of very well-known singers would never be in pitch....

"In other words, as I speak now, it's possible for a harmoniser to drop the pitch of my voice and yet still allow the soundtrack to remain completely in sync. So, when they go diving into the unknown Atlantic, I intend—with the blessing of everyone that surrounds me—to have the voices drop in pitch. Because you're right—voices change underwater."

"Aha!" said John Dark. "Lovely!"

Which doesn't leave any more to be said. Apart from a harmonised echo of John Dark and Kevin Connor's basic and well-proven filimology cited. "We hire the best people we can find for the job. And we fight to get 'em ... anyway we can."



# TERROR FROM THE TOMB



In issue 15, following our adaptation of *The Mummy's Shroud*, Alan Frank wrote an overview of Mummy films, from 1899 to 1956, deliberately leaving out the Hammer series to be covered later. So, following our comic strip of Hammer's *The Mummy*, we now present John Brassell's look at all the Hammer Mummy series.



Who cares whether you've got a mummy made out of bits and pieces or walking around because some guy has sprinkled magic powder in a tomb like in the Mummy films? There's no variation you can make with a Mummy film. The first one that Universal made was okay, but the rest? Rubbish! It all comes down to this bloke coming out of a sort covered in bandages. There's nothing very horrible about that after you've seen it once."

That was producer Kevin Francis talking at a time when it seemed that his company, Tyburn Films, after the release of *The Ghoul and Legend of the Werewolf*, seemed set to challenge Hammer Films (and before the market for these low-budget type of horror films practically vanished overnight). Francis was explaining why he wasn't intending to make any mummy films himself and he certainly had a valid point because, of all the traditional horror film themes, the mummy one seems to have the least potential for variety. But none of the mummy films, and that includes both the first Universal and Hammer ones, have had anything like the status of the other horror classics.

Apart from the limitations of the plot the main mistake made by the film makers is that they have never taken full advantage of the obvious *horror* of the situation. A mummy is, after all, a living corpse (I'm referring only to movie mummies, of course, not those rather boring things that lie around in museums)—a person who has been entombed alive for countless centuries—yet hole of this comes across in the average mummy film. Instead the mummy is usually treated as some sort of mindless automaton, a robot in bandages, who carries out the evil commands of someone else. The exception to this was the

1932 Karloff version (in that the mummy himself was in control of the situation, sort of) but Christopher Lee, in Hammer's 1959 film, did manage to invest his portrayal of a mummy with certain imaginative touches. Not only did Lee's lean form and awkward, dislocated way of walking correctly suggest there was a deviated body beneath the bandages but the facial make-up also enabled him to make effective use of his eyes. By a combination of body mime and facial expression Lee was able to give the impression that there was a tortured mind



Opposite: Christopher Lee as Klaatu, *The Man Who Haunted Himself*. Top left: Yvonne Furness and Felix Aylmer (as the mummy) in *The Mummy* (1959). Above: Yvonne Furness (as the mummy) being carried by Christopher Lee, also from Hammer's 1959 remake.

involved and this increased the basic horror of the character (as Lee has always rightly maintained that a sympathetic monster always has more impact than a purely malignant one).

The scenes of Lee, as the mummy, rising out of the swamp at night are the most memorable ones in the film but also impressive is the final sequence where the mummy attempts to carry the girl (Yvonne Furness) back into the marsh. Once again Lee's eyes reveal that the mummy isn't just an automated corpse but a creature that still retains a vestige of self-awareness. But though Lee was excellent in the part he didn't enjoy playing the role. "Going through these swamps holding the girl out in front of me," said Lee, "caused an enormous strain on my arms and back. And with all the wires and tubes and jets and pipes in the studio tank crashing into your skin I was soon to feel, bleeding all over the place. That doesn't sound like anything particularly unpleasant but it was. And going underwater to 'appear' out of the swamp—I don't like that sort of thing."

The Mummy's facial make-up also caused Lee a great deal of discomfort. An make-up man, Roy Ashton, recounted in our interview with him in Hall 2: "Unfortunately I didn't realize that my first attempt at mummy make-up would adhere so closely to his face. It was very uncomfortable for Chris because there was nowhere really for him to breathe! Actually the only place where the air could get into the make-up was around the eye-holes." In subsequent mummy make-up jobs for the sequels Ashton devised a facial make-up that allowed for the presence of airholes and various cavities that prevented pressure

on the actors' faces, but though this undoubtedly made the actors themselves happy it meant that the mummies in these sequels appeared less distinctive than the Lee version (subsequent mummies were also much bulkier physically than Lee's which made them very uncorpse-like in appearance).

Hammer's *Mummy*, directed by Terence Fisher, can't be described as a copy of the original Universal film though it did incorporate some of that film's plot ingredients, such as the flashback to ancient Egypt showing the circumstances leading up to the mummy's creation (formerly a high priest called Kharis, the mummy had committed sacrilege by attempting to bring his dead lover, the Princess Ananka, back to life). But whereas Karloff only appeared briefly in bandages in the 1932 film, spending the rest of the time as a rather dry-skinned but otherwise normal-looking gentleman in a fez, the Hammer version split the central character into two different people—the mummy remained the mummy throughout the story while the mysterious man in the fez became a latter day follower of an ancient religious sect. Austin Sanger's screenplay had the mummy, under the control of the Egyptian, being used to murder the members of a British archaeological expedition one by one. Karloff, in the original, was mainly concerned with persuading a girl, Helen Grosvenor, that she was the reincarnation of the long-dead Princess but Sanger doesn't dwell too much on this aspect of the story. Instead

Yvonne Furneaux's resemblance to the mummy's dead lover is treated as being almost just a coincidence and is merely used as a device to distract the mummy's attention when he's attempting to throttle the life out of poor Peter Cushing. The mummy's entrance into the Cushing home at the beginning of this sequence is quite spectacular—he suddenly comes crashing straight through the front door—but according to Lee it wasn't supposed to be that spectacular. "It was a prop door of light wood but part of the trick in that sort of thing is to make sure the door isn't locked, so that it bursts open just after your blows begin to shatter it. On this occasion the door had been locked I nearly knocked myself out going through it and dislocated my shoulder."

Apart from Lee's performance *The Mummy* isn't as memorable as the other Hammer horror classics of the 1950s but compared to the sequels it looks like a masterpiece. The first sequel was *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* in 1964. Directed by Michael Carreras and scripted by Henry Younger it was simply a variation on the plot of the previous film. In it Jack Gwilliam played Sir Giles Deltrymples, head of the inevitable archaeological expedition, who is shocked when his American financial backer, Alexander King (played by Fred Clark), announces that the mummy of Ira Antel, just exhumed from its tomb, will be exhibited on a world-wide tour. An Egyptian government official, Hashim Iley (George Pastell) warns King that such sacrilege will bring a curse down upon all



...L FREEZE YOU  
YOU FACE...

THE  
ARMY



concerned but King refuses to take his warning seriously. Of course people start dying before you can say Anthony and Cleopatra and the first to go is the father of beautiful Annette Dubon (Jeanne Moreau). Shortly afterwards her fiance John Bray (Ronald Howard) is attacked while en route to England on the ocean liner carrying the intimacy but he is saved from his mysterious assailant by the sudden intervention of fellow passenger Adam Beauchamp (Terence Morgan).

In England the mummy (Duchess Owen) disappears from his coffin, apparently brought to life by the reading of an inscription on an ancient Egyptian medaillon, and goes on the rampage. It kills King, Sir Giles and even Hashira Bey (who was naturally the chief suspect up until that point) and then kidnaps Annette who naturally resembles someone the mummy used to know and love back in the old days. Eventually we learn that Beauchamp is the real villain—he reveals that he is Ra, Ra's wicked brother (what imagination their arm and gauntlet when it came to naming them!) As punishment for murdering Ra (they were both in love with the same girl) Ra has been born to endure eternal life but hopes to escape this fate by ordering Ra (who is the mummy, in case you've forgotten) to murder Annette and then kill

himself so that they will be together in death. The climax takes place in a sewer—John Bray arrives in the nick of time and saves Annette from Ra and his henchmen. Ra kills Ba and ends the film by bringing down the roof of the sewer on his head (no doubt he died flushed with success).

Even less memorable was *The Mummy's Shroud* in 1966 which was written and directed by John Gilling. Once again it was the same old story—a tomb is despoiled, a curse is invoked and a mummy goes on the rampage before finally being destroyed. About the only original thing in the film was the manner of the mummy's departure—instead of sinking into a swamp or being buried in a sewer the mummy actually pulls himself to pieces (after someone reads the right words from a sacred shroud)—first crushing his head to powder between his hands and then proceeding to destroy the rest of himself until there's nothing left but a few bones, some bandages and a lot of dust. The only other memorable scene in the film is the one where Michael Ripper (a marvellous character actor and a Hammer regular), playing a pathetic, near-sighted, little man is killed by the mummy in a particularly cruel touch the mummy breaks Ripper's glasses before tossing him out the window...

The Mummy's Shroud wasn't a great financial success so it wasn't until 1971 that another mummy film appeared. This was *Blood from the Mummy's Tomb* but, significantly, it didn't even have a mummy in it despite the title. It did have a dead Egyptian princess (Valerie Leon) but she wasn't exactly what you'd call mummified—just the opposite in fact. Apart from that the film was all very familiar with its ancient Egyptian curses, reincarnation, a series of murders, etc. Script writer Chris Wacking tried to season the mix by adding a lot of plot twists and an increased sense of mystery but this wasn't enough to make the film any more successful than the previous mummy sagas (the production was also handicapped by the death of its director, Seth Holt, during the shooting; Michael Carreras had to step in and finish the film).

Since then there hasn't been any other maniac film (not in this country, anyway) but then the traditional gothic horror film genre has more or less been relegated to limbo for the last few years so we haven't seen *Dracula*, *Frankenstein*, etc. either. Perhaps Kent Francis is right in saying that maniacs simply aren't interesting enough to be successful horror film characters but one can't help feeling that it is just as possible to make a really good—and horrific—maniac film—providing that the usual plot formula could be dispensed with. However with the horror film industry going in the direction it is these days it will no doubt be a long time before anyone makes the attempt.

The Minkowski Space

The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb (1964)

1999-2000: *Concealed Weapons* (Action/Thriller), Pro-Film (Alessandro Sartori); *Manolo Herencia* (John Boorman), Janus/Balboa (Annie Duvalier); *George Peacock* (Western, B&W), Janus/Cordial (John Galt/Screenplay).

2000: *Up Against the Currents*, Remake of Harry Goldblatt's *Highway to Hell* (Action/Thriller), Pro-Film (Alessandro Sartori); *Requiem for a Heavyweight* (Drama), Pro-Film (Alessandro Sartori); *Blackmail* (Thriller), Pro-Film (Alessandro Sartori); *Eye Bleed Parties*, Music by Carlo Marcelli (Accordia Festival, #80), Pro-Film, by Michael Cimino (Release by Columbia (8-min. through ELC))

Time (5 min.)

Top 100 Songs in America (1950)

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# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

DRORAHAN WAS A LIPSE, WITH NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE. RECENTLY HE HAD LOST HIS WIFE AND SON, KILLED HIS MOTHER AND ALMOST KILLED HIS SON. HE SPENT HIS DAYS PLANNING ESCAPE. LITTLE DID HE KNOW, ALREADY BEEN MARKED, TOUCHED BY...

## THE HAND OF FATE

"JUST A FEW MORE MINUTES, AND WE'LL BE ALL SET. YOU REMEMBER WHAT TO DO, BRANDT?"

"SIR! ODESSA, HERE. ANOTHER MAN OVER IT A THOUSAND TIMES!"

"DRAW! KICK IT OFF! EVERYBODY GET LINED UP!"

"ALRIGHT, YOU TWO, UP WITH THE WOLVES. NICE AND EASY NOW..."





THEY PUSHED ON ON THE NIGHTFALL, AND THEN...

(IT'S NO GOOD, COURAGEM. I CAN'T GO ON ANY FURTHER. LET ME DOWN, CHAIN OFF.)



IT'S FAR...





CORRIGAN FLUNG HIMSELF BRAUTLESSLY ON, FIGHTING AGAINST HIS HUNGER AND THIRST...



BUT AS CORRIGAN APPROACHED THE FAR BANK...



"BUT WHERE, DEAR SISTER, THE FRESHMAN'S BLUPPERS AND ADDICION, WHEN WE FOUND OUT ABSOLUTELY ABSURD AND BAKED, WE GOT CORRIGAN BACK!"

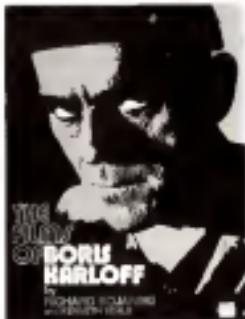


CORRIGAN'S BODY WAS EVENTUALLY FOUND, BUT BECAUSE THEY WERE SO FAR AWAY, THE POLICE COULD NOT REACH HIM FROM THE RIVER'S EDGE.

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# THE TERROR OF THE TONGS

TECHNOCINÉ

X

CHRISTOPHER LEE YVONNE MONLAUR GEOFFREY TOONE

Screenplay

PRODUCED BY KENNETH WYRAN - DIRECTED BY ANTHONY MEEHL - SCREENPLAY BY ALFRED HAMPTON - ASSISTANT PRODUCER ANTHONY MEEHL - DESIGNER PRODUCER MICHAEL DURRUM